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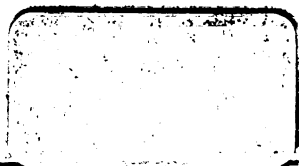
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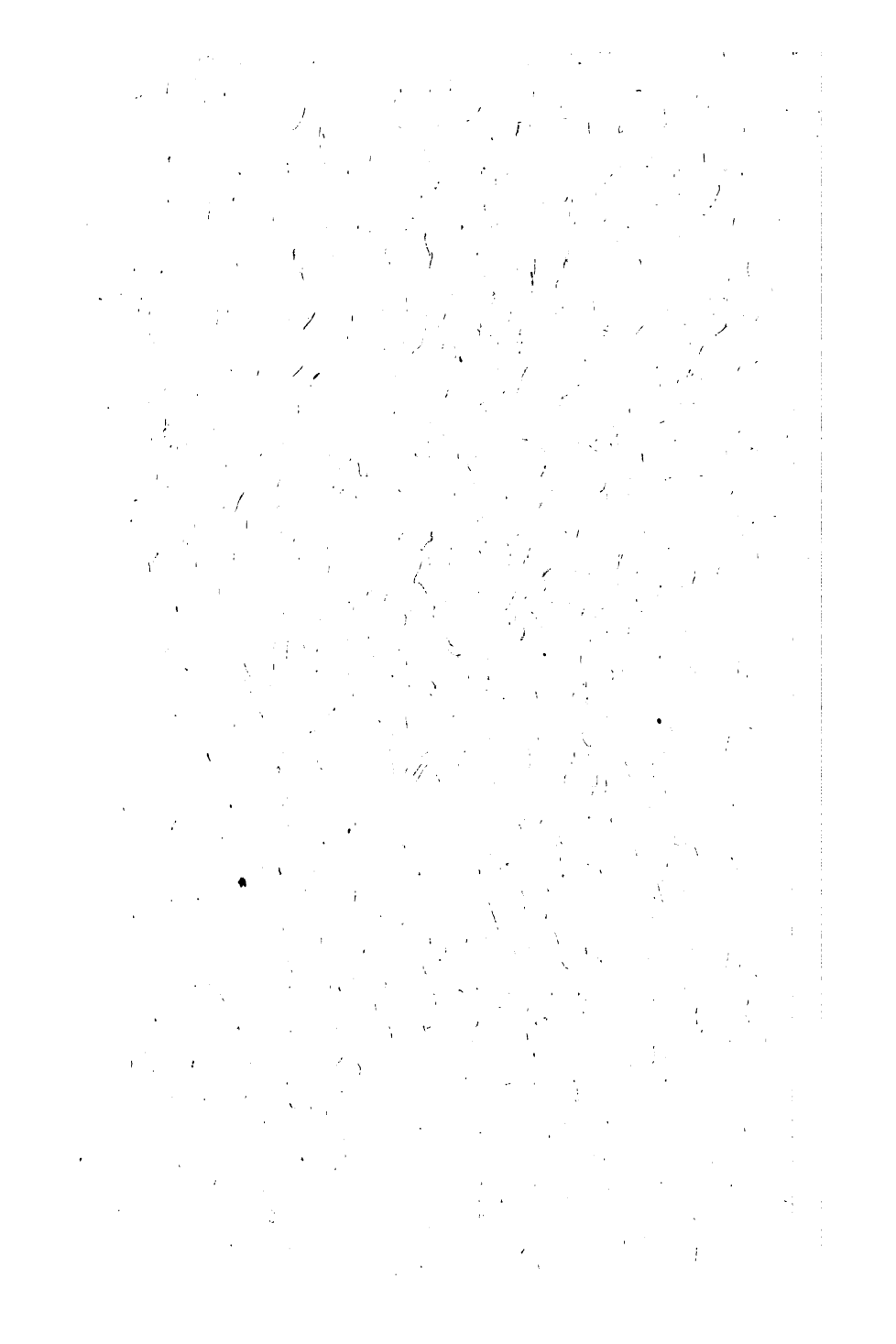
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1. Reading books.

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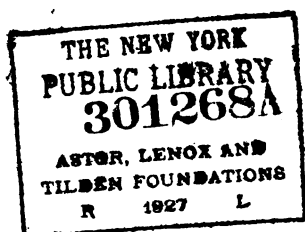
THE
SECOND
7
READING-BOOK.

BY
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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PREFACE.

THE carefully selected vocabulary of the "Beginner's Reading-Book" establishes a foundation for a higher grade of reading. New words are now learned much more easily and rapidly, and there is no longer need of arranging them in studied review.

At this stage the children can understand and read words which as yet they may be unable to spell from memory. But if every difficult word is written on the blackboard before the lesson is read, according to instruction given in the "Beginner's Reading-Book," it will not be long before the knowledge of spelling will keep pace with that of reading.

During the second year the pupils should be introduced to a style of reading which will excite their powers of imagination. The second book is the continuation of a systematic plan for cultivating a taste for good reading.

Part I. represents the natural conversation of

well-bred children, and is interspersed with stories which have a classic origin, and which are given, to a considerable extent, in their original form. Throughout the book the sentences are short and the paragraphs broken.

Full-page illustrations, specially designed for the cultivation of fluent oral expression, are among the new features of this series, which the teacher will find convenient and useful.

The "Review and Vocabulary," placed at the end of Part I., affords both a test for reading and a model for spelling exercises. Words, as a rule, should be put into sentences before being spelled. This arrangement of vocabulary may serve for dictation exercises in any grade.

The skilled teacher will always give heed to the vocabulary of every lesson before it is read, and bring out the new words in the most interesting manner possible.

The author gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., the Russell Publishing Co., E. & J. B. Young & Co., Lee & Shepard, the various authors from whose writings selections are taken, and the friends who have assisted in this enterprise.

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SECOND READING-BOOK.

PART I.

LESSON I.



ARTHUR.

Arthur is a wide-awake, happy little boy.
He is spending the summer in the country.

His papa lives in the city in winter, but
moves to the farm in the summer.

Arthur and his little sister Helen enjoy
their country home very much.

They play in the fields and meadows, and
are out of doors a great deal of the time.

She likes best to pick the pretty flowers, the daisies, and the buttercups.

He is older than Helen and likes to run about more.

He likes to take off his shoes and stockings and go barefoot.

His mother does not allow him to do this very often. She is afraid he will hurt his feet.

One morning she told him he might go barefoot all day, if he wished.

This was what he had begged to do for a long time.

Then, like many other little boys, he ran about as fast as he could go. He was soon very tired.

He found he liked the green grass best, because it felt soft and cool.

The stones in the road hurt his feet, just as his mother had said they would.

At last he grew so tired that he threw himself down upon a big rock to rest.

“Work while you work, play while you play;
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.”

LESSON II.

GRACE AND MAUD.

While he lay there thinking, Arthur heard some one calling to him. He sat up and looked around.

He saw his little sister Helen running towards him.

"Arthur, Arthur," she said, "who do you think have come to see us?"

"Who is it?" asked Arthur. "Is there a boy?"

"No, there are two girls, Cousin Grace and Cousin Maud. They have come to stay a week."

By this time Grace and Maud had come up to the rock where Arthur was sitting.

"How do you do, Arthur?" said both of them at once. "Mamma has let us come to visit you and Helen. Won't we have a good time together?"

They chatted and laughed until the bell rang. Then they ran into the house for dinner.

LESSON III.



THE BUTTERFLY.—I.

After dinner, they put on their hats and went out again.

First, Arthur took his two cousins and Helen to see what was in the barn.

Two fine-looking horses were standing in their stalls, eating hay.

There was a cunning little calf tied with a rope, lying on a bed of straw.

The children did not stop long in the barn this time. They went on to the grove behind the barn.

"What a big rock this is!" said Grace.
"Let us climb up on top of it."

"Yes," said Maud, "see what pretty green moss there is all over it."

“I will show you some prettier moss than that,” said Arthur. “Here is some with red stars in it.”

They sat a long time on the rock, and played with the moss.

“Oh, do look at that butterfly!” cried Maud. “Its wings are bright yellow, and they have little black spots on them, like velvet.”

Sure enough, there was a very beautiful butterfly. How pretty its wings looked in the bright sunshine!

It seemed so happy, too. It did not know that three little girls and one little boy were near.

Nor did it know that they wanted to catch it.

“Kind words are little sunbeams
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.”

LESSON IV.



THE BUTTERFLY.—II.

“Let us catch it! See me put my hat over it!” said Arthur.

So they jumped down from the rock, and ran after the butterfly.

They all ran as fast as they could. Whenever they came up to it, it would spread its wings and fly away.

“Oh, you naughty butterfly, we never shall catch you,” said Maud.

“No,” said Grace, “we cannot catch it, and I am glad of it. I would not hurt it for all the world.”

Grace, Maud, and Arthur ran so fast that little Helen could not keep up with them.

She tried very hard at first, but was soon left far behind.

She threw her dolls upon the ground, and called out to them, "Come back! come back!"

The children did not hear her at first.

They were thinking only of the butterfly.

Helen then began to cry. Grace heard her, and turned to see what was the matter.

She ran quickly back to her and said, "What is it, dear little Helen? Did you fall and hurt yourself?"

"No, I didn't fall," said Helen. "You all ran away from me."

"Oh, no; we didn't mean to run away from you. We ran fast because we wanted to catch the butterfly."

Grace put her arms around her and kissed her. "Look at your poor dolls on the ground. They will cry too, if you do not take them up."

This made Helen laugh, and then she was happy again.

"Butterflies are pretty things,
Prettier than you or I;
See the color on the wings,—
Who would hurt a butterfly?"

“Softly, softly, girls and boys;
He’ll come near us by and by;
Here he is, don’t make a noise,—
We’ll not hurt you, butterfly.

“Not to hurt a living thing,
Let all little children try.
So, again he’s on the wing;
Good-by, pretty butterfly.”

LESSON V.



THE SPRING.

“I wish I had a drink of good, cold water;
I am thirsty,” said Arthur.
“So am I,” said all the rest.
“I will take you to a spring where the

water bubbles up out of the ground. It is as cool as ice-water," said Arthur.

So they walked along a narrow path until they came to the spring.

Grace and Maud wondered much at seeing the water bubble up out of the ground.

They could not see where it came from.

There were mossy stones all around the spring, and the water was clear and cool.

"There is nothing to drink from," said Maud.

"I will show you how to drink," said Arthur.

So he lay down flat on the ground, put his mouth down to the water, and drank.

The girls thought that this was a very strange way, but it pleased them much.

The water as it bubbled up over the stones ran along through the grass. It soon reached a little brook.

They picked some daisies, pulled off the heads, and threw them into the brook.

They called them boats, and watched them as they floated swiftly along on the surface of the water.

LESSON VI.

STRAWBERRIES.

"I know where there are some wild strawberries. Would you like to go and get some?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, yes," said both Grace and Maud, "do let us go and pick some."

Arthur and Maud climbed over a stone wall into a large field full of yellow butter-cups.

Helen could not climb over alone. So Grace lifted her to the top of the wall, and Arthur and Maud took her down on the other side.

Then they went down the hill, climbing another wall between the field and the meadow.

"Here's the place where they grow," said Arthur. "See who will pick the most!"

"Let us not eat any until we have picked them all," said Grace.

"We haven't anything to put them in," said Maud.

"You may take my hat," said Arthur.

Then they picked all they could find, and put them in Arthur's hat.

Helen ate hers as fast as she picked them. Her mouth and cheeks looked like a little red rose.

"What shall we do with them?" asked Grace. "I should like to eat some of them now."

"I will show you a place where we can sit down and eat them. The grass is as soft as velvet," replied Arthur.

"How sweet they smell, and how pretty they look!" said Grace.

"Oh, yes, they are almost too pretty to eat," said Maud.

They picked out a few of the largest and reddest to carry to mamma, and ate the rest.

Helen had her share of them too.

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

LESSON VII.



THE LUNCH.

After they had eaten the strawberries, Arthur asked Grace to tell a fairy story.

Grace was all ready to begin, when she felt something in her pocket.

Arthur's mamma had filled it with nice little cakes before they went out to play.

She gave them to Grace because she was the oldest. The rest of the children did not know that she had them.

Grace had seen so much to enjoy all the afternoon that she had forgotten the cakes.

When she felt them with her hand she said, "You cannot guess what I have in my pocket."

"I guess it is a handkerchief," said Arthur.

"I guess it is a bunch of moss," said Maud.

"I guess it is strawberries," said Helen.

"No; guess again. It is something very nice,—something good to eat."

"Oh, tell us what it is! Quick! don't make us guess any more," said Maud.

"Well, I have my pocket full of nice cakes. Auntie put them there for me to give you," said Grace.

"Why didn't you give them to us before we ate our strawberries?" said Arthur.

"Yes," said Maud, "I wish I had some more strawberries now."

"I forgot all about them. I should not have thought of them now, if I had not felt them with my hand," said Grace. "I will give Helen one first; then you shall have some."

While they were eating the cakes, Arthur again asked Grace to tell the fairy story.

LESSON VIII.

THE FAIRY STORY.

Once there was a shoemaker. He was a good man, but very poor.

At last, he had nothing in the world but just enough leather to make one pair of shoes.

He cut out the shoes in the evening, just before he went to bed.

He thought he would get up early the next morning and make them.

When morning came, he ate his breakfast, said his prayers, and sat down to make the shoes.

Then he saw that the shoes were all made. They were made much better than he could make them, too.

At first, he did not know what to say or do. He was very much surprised.

He sold them that same day for a good price.

With the money he bought enough leather to make two pairs of shoes.

He cut them out in the evening and went to bed, thinking to make them the next day.

The next morning, when he was ready to make them, he again saw that they were all made.

He sold them so well that he bought enough leather to make four pairs more.

He cut them out as usual in the evening. Again he found them all made in the morning, as before.

And so this went on ; what he got ready in the evening was always finished in the morning.

The shoemaker soon became well-to-do in the world.

One evening, about Christmas time, he thought he would sit up all night and watch.

He wished to see who it was that came and made the shoes for him.

So he kept a light burning all night, and hid himself under a big box. There was a hole in the box to look through.

At midnight, two beautiful fairies came in and began to make the shoes.

Their little fingers worked so fast that the shoes were done in a very short time.

The shoemaker could not keep his eyes off them, they were so beautiful.

They danced about as soon as the shoes were done, and had a merry time.

At last, they danced out at the door and over the grass, and never came again.

LESSON IX.



HIDE-AND-SEEK.—I.

Arthur asked Grace what fairies were like. She could not tell him, because she had never seen one.

She told him that the fairies helped the shoemaker because he was good.

Arthur wished the fairies would make him a gun and a big play-house. He thought he shouldn't care for any shoes, because he would rather go barefoot.

They then walked along the road until they came to some bars.

Arthur let down the top bar, but he could not get the others down.

Right in front of them was the same grove where they had seen the butterfly.

"How would you like to play hide-and-seek?" said Arthur.

"Very much indeed, if you will blind first," answered Maud.

Grace thought of a better plan. So she said, "Let's race to that rock close by the road. The one who gets there last must blind first."

"All right," said Maud and Arthur.

They stood in a row across the road, in front of the bars.

"*One, two, three!*" called Grace.

At the word *three*, they started to run.

Grace touched the rock first, Arthur next, and Maud last.

"Now blind your eyes, Maud, and don't you look. We'll hide in the grove, not far off," said Arthur.

"Don't be long, and when you are ready cry 'whoop!'" said Maud.

"So let your faults be what they may,
To own them is the better way."

LESSON X.



HIDE-AND-SEEK.—II.

“W-h-o-o-p! W-h-o-o-p! W-h-o-o-p!”

“I hear you, and I will soon find you too,”
said Maud.

She ran across the road into the grove,
looking everywhere.

She looked behind this tree and that tree,
this rock and that rock. She did not find
them so quickly as she had expected.

“Where can they have hidden?” Maud
said to herself. “Call again.”

“W-h-o-o-p!” was again heard, but not so
loud as before.

Just at that moment three little heads

peered above a rock, to see where Maud was.

They were not drawn back quick enough, for Maud saw them. They were caught.

Each took a turn at blinding,—Arthur next, and then Grace.

When they were tired of this, Grace and Maud sang the following song:

“Where is the road to fairy-land?

What is the shortest way?

Come, let us ask the flowers all,

And see what they will say.

“The little birds that sing so sweet

Above us in the air

Will kindly tell us where to go;

They surely have been there.

“And then, perhaps, when we have found

The queen so kind and true,

She'll touch us with her little wand,

And make us fairies too.”

LESSON XI.

MAUD'S FAIRY STORY.

After the song, Maud told a fairy story. This is what she said :

Once there was a little girl who wished very much to see the fairies.

She had heard that people who found fern-seed were able to see fairies.

Her mother was poor and the baby was sick.

So she had to work in the house and help her mother.

There was a large oak-tree in the meadow near the house. She often found time to sit under this tree to rest.

One day, while sitting under the tree, she heard her name called.

It was the tiniest voice she had ever heard, and seemed to come from the grass beside her.

“Do not feel unhappy. I have seen you helping your mamma, and know that you are a good girl.

“I know, too, how much you wish to see

the fairies. I am Queen of the Fern Fairies," said the voice.

"As you came to the spring this morning, I dropped some fern-seed into your slipper.

"Now, if you look around, you may see many of us all about you."

The girl rubbed her eyes and looked. Sure enough, there were the fairies she had so longed to see, all dressed in green.

"If you will come with me," said the same tiny voice, "I will show you our work."

"Work!" said the girl; "do the fairies work?"

The queen fairy led her further into the meadow. Here she saw many more fairies.

Some were dancing over the grass, or swinging on the tips of the long blades.

They were hard at work painting the grass green.

Others were high up among the leaves of the trees, painting them green.

When they came to a buttercup or daisy, she saw them kiss it. Sometimes they only touched it with their tiny hands.

As they did this, the flower held up its little head. It looked brighter than it did before.

Deep down in the grass were many other fairies dressed in red.

They smiled as she came near. They were making the strawberries red and sweet.

Everywhere they were at work, making all things beautiful.

LESSON XII.



TIRED OUT.

By this time, Arthur and Helen were beginning to feel tired.

Helen had played quite long enough for a little girl so young as she was.

She was not only tired but sleepy. Grace saw that it was time for them to go home.

"Don't you think we have played long enough for one day, Arthur?" said Grace.

"Yes, for I am tired and hungry. It must be nearly supper-time," replied Arthur.

"I will tell you what we'll do, Maud," said Grace. "We will make an arm-chair and carry Helen home. Arthur will take Helen's two dolls and carry them for her."

Grace and Maud then made an arm-chair of their hands, for Helen to sit in. They held it low down so that she might get in easily.

She put one arm about each of her cousins, and was lifted from the ground.

Arthur led the way, holding one of the dolls under his arm, the other by the legs with its head down. Grace and Maud followed behind.

Helen enjoyed this ride so much that she forgot that she was tired. She laughed and talked all the way to the house.

Mamma heard them as they came laughing and talking, and came out to meet them.

LESSON XIII.



RUTH.

In the next house lived a girl named Ruth. She had often played with Arthur and Helen.

Mamma had invited her to supper, to become acquainted with Grace and Maud.

Mamma took Helen into her own room for a short nap. The other children followed, but were to remain only a few minutes.

Arthur threw himself upon the lounge beside his mother, and laid his head in her lap.

Grace brought his shoes and stockings for him to put on.

“Let me rest a minute, and then I will put them on,” said Arthur.

“You must put on your stockings and shoes now, Arthur, and take the girls into the sitting-room,” said his mother.

He obeyed at once, and they went out of the room very quietly.

He showed the girls his picture-books and playthings, and amused them as well as he could.

Grace asked him if he did not know any good stories to tell.

He offered to tell the story of the “Selfish Sparrows,” if she wished.

“Oh, do,” said Maud; “it is your turn to tell us a story.”

At this moment his mother came into the room to talk with them. She inquired how they had spent the afternoon.

“Oh, we saw a beautiful butterfly, and tried to catch it,” said Maud.

“We picked some nice strawberries, and played hide-and-seek,” said Grace.

Just then the supper-bell rang, and all took their seats at the table.

LESSON XIV.

ARTHUR'S STORY.

Once a farmer made a pretty bird-house, and put it in a tree in the yard.

Two sparrows made a nest in it, and had five little ones.

Their house was made of wood, to keep out the rain. There was a great deal more room in it than they needed.

A swallow and her mate made a house of mud and straw, and began keeping house. It was quite near the sparrows' house.

One day it rained very hard and washed away the swallows' house. Then they had no place to shelter themselves from the rain.

So they went to the sparrows' house and said, "Sparrows, will you please give us shelter from the rain? Our house is washed away."

But the sparrows answered, "We are cooking the dinner. We cannot let you in now. Come again in a little while."

In a little while the swallows returned and said, "Sparrows, will you please give us shelter now?"

The sparrows answered, "We are eating our dinner. We cannot let you in now. Come again in a little while."

The swallows flew away, but returned again in a short time and said, "Sparrows, will you please give us shelter? We are very wet and cold."

The sparrows answered, "We are washing the dishes. We cannot let you in yet. Come again in a little while."

The swallows waited a little longer and called again, but the sparrows only answered, "We are sweeping the floor. We cannot let you in yet. Come again in a little while."

The next time the swallows called, the sparrows said, "We are making the bed. We cannot let you in yet. Come again in a little while."

So, with one excuse and another, they refused to help the poor swallows in their trouble.

At last they said, "We are all snug in bed, and cannot get up to let you in."

What naughty, selfish sparrows! How much better it is to do to others as you would have others do to you!

LESSON XV.



JUMPING ROPE.

The next morning, Grace, Maud, and Ruth played by themselves.

When Arthur arose, bright and early, he found out that his papa was going to drive to the hay-field.

He wanted to see the men make hay. So he asked his mamma if he might ride in the wagon with papa.

"Do you think it would be polite to go and leave your cousins?" she asked.

"Oh, we will excuse him, and Helen too, if she would like to go. We can play with Ruth while they are gone," said Grace.

"Then you may go with papa. Perhaps he will take you all to-morrow. I think he will let you ride home on a load of hay."

When Ruth came, the three girls went to the orchard to play with dolls. But this was rather too quiet to suit them.

Maud soon exclaimed, "I wish we had some jump-ropes! Do you know how to jump rope, Ruth?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" replied Ruth. "Come over to my house. I have a nice long rope at home. You can meet mamma. She will be pleased to see you."

They went home with Ruth and played jump-rope. Two of them swung the rope, while each took her turn at jumping.

LESSON XVI.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

“Not I,” said the cow, “moo-oo,
Such a thing I’d never do ;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But I didn’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow, “moo-oo,
Such a thing I’d never do.”

“Bob-o-link ! bob-o-link !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day ?”

“Not I,” said the sheep, “oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa,” said the sheep, “oh, no !
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.”

“Coo, coo,” said the cuckoo,
“Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast ?”

“Cluck, cluck,” said the hen ;
“Don’t ask me again !
Why, I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

A little boy hung down his head
And hid himself behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast.

"Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
Then, wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?"

LESSON XVII.



A NEW KIND OF DOLLS.—I.

“I will tell you what will be a pretty thing for us to do,” said Ruth.

“I have a gray cat I call Muff. She will let me do anything I please with her.

“Your auntie has two cats, Topsy and Rose.

“Now let’s dress them, and play that they are real babies. We will take them to the orchard where we left our dolls.”

“Oh, good, good, good! Won’t that be fun?” exclaimed Grace. “Let us go now.

“You take Muff and some clothes, and we will go straight back to auntie.”

Ruth called Muff. Her mother gave her one of her own little jackets and an apron.

Then they went back as fast as they could, Ruth carrying Muff in her arms.

“Auntie, will you please let us have some old clothes to dress Topsy and Rose? Ruth has brought Muff, and we are going to play that they are babies,” said Grace.

Auntie laughed at the idea, but went to find some clothes, while Grace and Maud went to find the cats.

They soon found them and brought them into the house. Auntie had the clothes ready for them.

It took the girls some time to dress the cats and make them look as they wished. But they were ready at last.

The picture at the head of this lesson shows how they looked when they started for the orchard.

“You can do more good by being good than in any other way.”

LESSON XVIII.



A LANGUAGE LESSON.

Tell this story in your own words.

LESSON XIX.

A KITTEN'S OWN STORY.

It is a short story that I am going to tell, but I wish to tell it.

I wish to say that, for my part, I have never found any good come from knowing how to open doors.

Not that *I* know how, but my mother

does. She opened a door the other day to show me some cream.

She told me to jump up and lap, and I did. A man came along and boxed my ears, and I have not heard well since.

Another time she opened a door to let me into a large sitting-room. It had long curtains just right to scratch and climb up by.

A funny old feather hung over a funny old clock. I could go up those curtains, jump to the clock, and play with the feather.

One day I meddled with the clock to find out where the noise came from. I was caught, and got the worst whipping I've ever had.

But this is nothing to what happened afterwards. My mother opened a door to let me into a room where there was a mouse-hole.

Now a boy had put in that room a curious thing. I went close up to it to see what it was.

It was a crab, but I did not know that. I was young. I never had seen a crab.

I touched it to find out what it was made

of, and it got hold of one of my legs just above my paw.

I never screamed so before in all my life. Oh, how I did scream! And no wonder. My leg was broken.

My paw had to be taken off, and now I have to be three-pawed. Now I have to go limp, limp, hopperty-limp.

Only three paws with which to run away from cruel boys and barking dogs!

Only three paws to climb with! Only three paws to claw with!

No; as for me, I have never seen much good come from knowing how to open doors.

“Little children, you should seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.”

LESSON XX.



A NEW KIND OF DOLLS.—II.

The cats behaved very well for a while, but soon became restless.

If they could have spoken, I think they would have said, "What is the use of dressing us in this fashion?"

"Don't you see that we are dressed already? Are not our fur coats much prettier than these clothes?"

"I think our babies must be getting hungry," said Grace. "Let us have a little fun with auntie.

"We will pretend that we are three

beggar women, and that we have no food to give to our babies."

This idea pleased them very much, and they started off to the house.

They found auntie sitting on the piazza.

When she saw them, she said, "Poor pussies! How funny they look dressed up in that manner!"

"If you please, ma'am, they are not pussies. They are our babies," said Grace.

"We are very poor, and have nothing for them to eat. Will you please be so kind as to give us a little milk for them?"

"My dear woman, why do you not work and earn something for them?" said auntie.

"We are on our way to the city to find work. No one seems to want us here."

"Oh, if that is the case, then I think I ought to help you."

"Please sit down, and I will send Fred to get some milk."

"It seems to me that I have seen you before, somewhere. Do you live near here?"

"Perhaps I am wrong, but somehow you look to me like little tramps."

LESSON XXI.

THE HOMELESS CAT.

“How little you know of the unhappiness of a cat without a home!”

Mewing this, I hung my tail and was moving out of sight, when I heard these words:

“Puss! puss! Pussy! pussy! Puss!”

How I wished I could know they were spoken to me!

“Pussy! Poor pussy! Here, pussy!”

I turned my head, but kept moving away.

“Pussy! pussy! pussy! Puss! Poor pussy!”

I stopped.

“Pussy! Here, pussy! Come, pussy!”

Yes, they were,—they were spoken to me! She was looking at me!

“Good old pussy! Come here, good old pussy!”

She held out her hand. I dared not go. She went in and placed a saucer of milk on the kitchen hearth.

She called me again, left the door open, and went into another room.

I crept in to the hearth and lapped, lapped, lapped. Oh, how I did lap! No tongue can tell the sweetness of that milk.

As soon as I had eaten the milk, I examined the things in the room. Then I rolled over on the door-mat to get the coal-dust off.

Then I sat on the hearth and lapped myself clean. The cook came in, and shook the broom at me, and cried, "Scat! scat!"

Just then the kind maiden showed her face at the door.

"Here's a strange cat. We don't want another cat," said the cook.

"Why, how white and clean she has made herself!" said the maiden. "I mean to keep her. She is just the cat for poor Ellen."

I went and rubbed against her clothes. I tried to purr loud enough to make her understand that I meant "I love you, I love you. Don't send me away!"

I went every day to see poor Ellen. I used to go up after breakfast and scratch at her door to be let in.

I rubbed against her a good deal, and purred to be taken up.

Poor Ellen could not walk much, but she could hold me. She liked me because I was clean.

LESSON XXII.



A NEW KIND OF DOLLS.—III.

Fred soon returned, bringing a tray with a glass of milk.

“If you please, ma’am, our babies cannot drink out of a tumbler. Would you be so kind as to let us have some small saucers?” said Grace.

Fred was sent to get three small saucers,

—one for each cat. He laughed as he saw the girls with their cats dressed so strangely.

Fred was a negro boy. He was born in the South where the oranges grow, and where there is scarcely ever any snow.

His father and mother were both dead.

Arthur's mamma was also born in the South. When she was a little girl, she had for a nurse a negro woman whom she loved and always remembered.

When she grew to be a young lady, she married Arthur's papa. Then she went with him to live in the North.

About two years ago a letter came from her old home, saying that the nurse was dead.

She left a little boy five years old, named Fred. This is the boy who brought the milk for the girls.

Arthur's mamma was glad to take the boy, for his mother's sake.

He soon made friends with everybody. He made himself useful in the house and everywhere else.

He liked to wait upon the table, and was happy to do anything for those who cared for him.

LESSON XXIII.

THE WHITE PITCHER.

One night Aunt Maria was left alone to keep house. She was not very timid; still, she took care to lock the doors.

But she did not lock them all. The pantry and kitchen doors were left open. The hall door was open also.

About midnight she heard a strange noise on the stairs. Something was going bump, bump, bump, loud enough to be heard all over the house.

Aunt Maria was very much frightened. So she lay quite still and listened.

By and by she grew a little braver. She opened the door just a crack and peered through.

What do you think she saw? Nothing but a white pitcher. It was coming slowly up-stairs, step by step. She could see nothing more. She could hear nothing but this pitcher, bumping against the stairs.

Up, up, up it came, one step at a time. Soon it reached the top. Then it moved towards Aunt Maria's door.

It was the strangest sight she had ever seen. On it came, to her very door. There it stopped. Then there came from the pitcher a most forlorn mew, like that of a cat.

Surely, she had never seen a pitcher walk before, nor heard it mew like a cat.

Aunt Maria said she *must* know what it was. So she lighted a lamp and held it at the door.

There she saw her own black pussy. Her head was in the cream pitcher, and nothing but the white pitcher could be seen until the lamp was brought.

Pussy had found the pitcher in the pantry, and had tried to get the cream. She had to put her head down deep to reach it.

When she tried to get her head out, it would not come out.

Then she thought of her mistress, but how could she get to her room?

It took her a long time to get there. When she found her mistress, she mewed to have her take it off.

This was not easily done. Aunt Maria pulled, and pussy pulled. She stuck her

sharp claws into the carpet and pulled with all her might.

At last the pitcher slipped off. But pussy never again tried to take what did not belong to her.

LESSON XXIV.



A NEW KIND OF DOLLS.—IV.

The beggars took the glass of milk, the three saucers, and their babies, and went away.

But before they left, they thanked the lady very politely for her kindness to them.

Instead of going to the city to find work, they went back again to the orchard.

There they were no longer beggars, but the same playful girls as before.

There, too, they dressed and undressed the cats until the poor things would stand it no longer.

Arthur came home from the hay-field while the girls were playing in the orchard.

As soon as he returned, his mother sent him to tell them that dinner would soon be ready.

When he came to the bars, he did not let them down, as he had done for his cousins. He never stopped to let down bars for himself.

He always chose to climb over them.

He came to where the girls were playing, just as they were letting the cats go.

“In the sun, the moon, the sky ;
On the mountain wild and high ;
In the thunder and the rain ;
In the grove, the wood, the plain ;
In the little birds that sing ;
God is seen in everything.”

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LESSON XXV.



A LANGUAGE LESSON.

Tell in your own words what Arthur is saying to the girls. What do you think he told them about the hay-field as they were walking to the house?

LESSON XXVI.

HOW THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE WIND
WENT OUT TO DINNER.

While waiting for the dinner, Ruth told this story :

One day the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went to a great dinner. Their uncle

and aunt—the Thunder and Lightning—had invited them.

Their mother stayed at home. She was one of the most distant stars you see far up in the sky.

Now both the Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the dinner, but never thought to carry anything home to their mother.

The Moon saved something from every dainty dish set before her. She put it in her beautiful silver horn so that her mother might have a share.

Their mother kept watch all night for their return. When they came, she said, "Well, children, what have you brought home to me?"

The Sun said, "I have brought nothing home to you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends."

And the Wind said, "Neither have I brought anything home to you, mother."

But the Moon said, "Mother, bring a plate. See what I have brought you." And she gave her such a dinner as she had never before seen.

Then the Star said to the Sun, "Hereafter, my son, your rays shall be hot, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall cover their heads, and hate you."

And this is why the sun is so hot to this day.

To the Wind she said, "You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather. You shall dry up and parch all living things. And men shall hate you from this very time."

And this is why the wind, in hot weather, is still so disagreeable.

But to the Moon she said, "Because you have remembered your mother, you shall ever be cool and bright. And men shall always call you blessed."

And this is why the moon's light is so soft and cool and beautiful to this day.

NOTE TO TEACHER.—It should be explained to pupils that this is an Eastern fable, and has reference to a very hot climate.

"Do the best you can,
And you will soon do better."

LESSON XXVII.



AT DINNER.

Ruth heard her own bell ring, and went home to dinner.

The others went to the bath-room to wash their hands and faces and comb their hair.

Papa had eaten an early dinner, because it looked as if there would be a shower.

He wished to look after the men and see that the hay did not get wet.

Mamma ate her dinner with him, so as to keep him company.

When the dinner hour arrived, there were

none but the children and the nurse to sit at the table.

Nurse sat beside little Helen to cut her meat and see that she had what was needed.

Fred took great pleasure in waiting upon them all. He very politely asked what each would have, then went to the cook for it.

As soon as all were seated, he placed a glass of water beside each plate.

Had mamma been with them they would have been more careful of their table manners.

You see that Arthur does not hold his tumbler as he ought, while drinking.

Grace has her arm on the table, with her hand on her plate.

But see how gracefully Maud sits and holds her hands! She does not forget, even if auntie is not present.

Not one of them hurried, although they were all very, very hungry.

They remembered to say, "Thank you," "If you please," or "No, I thank you," each time anything was offered to them.

They had much to talk about, and often a merry laugh went round the table.

After dinner, mamma thought it too hot for them to play in the sun.

So she invited them to sit with her on the piazza, while she told them a fairy story.

LESSON XXVIII.

MAMMA'S FAIRY STORY.—I.

A little girl was walking in the woods one day, when she saw some pretty flowers under a tree.

As she stooped to gather them, she heard a loud tapping above her head.

Looking up, she saw a woodpecker, clinging to a dead bough.

"Are you going to make a house for yourself up there?" asked the girl. "That bough is too small, I should think."

"Oh, I am not making houses just now," said the bird. "There are some nice little insects under this bark."

"And are you going to make a meal of them, cruel bird?"

"Yes, I like them as well as you like

lamb. Besides, they do a great deal of harm, while lambs are innocent creatures.

“But we will forgive each other on this point, for we must both eat to live.

“You would like to eat me if I were nicely cooked; and I should like to eat you if I could change you into a nice bug.”

“Do not talk so, Mr. Woodpecker. I would rather go without my dinner than have you killed and cooked for me.”

“Do you really love me so well? Then I will tell you a secret.

“My house is in the trunk of this tree, and my six eggs lie on the floor of it. Jump up here, and I will show it to you.”

“How can I jump twenty feet into the air?” said the girl.

“Why! are you not twenty times longer than I am?”

“Oh, more; and more than forty times heavier.”

“Well, well, I will go down and help you up.”

“I should like to know how such a little thing as you can help me up there,” said the girl.

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"We shall see," said the woodpecker, and he flew down.

But where was he? The girl looked all around, but she could not see him anywhere.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a voice very close to her.

She turned, and saw a pretty little fairy standing close beside her.

"I was only pretending to be a woodpecker for my own amusement. We fairies are very fond of changing our forms."

"Then I cannot see the woodpecker's nest. I did want so much to see his pretty eggs," said the girl.

"Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
If anything can,—
Do something for somebody, quick!"

LESSON XXIX.



RING-AROUND-A-ROSY.

As mamma finished telling her story, Ruth came to spend the afternoon.

She had something in her hand which she had picked out of the grass.

"A four-leaved clover!" exclaimed Grace.
"How lucky you were to find it!"

"You must put it in your shoe, and something good will happen to you, won't it, auntie?" said Maud.

"That is what the fairy stories tell us," answered auntie.

"But isn't it true? I always thought it was true."

"It is well enough for you to think so

now. When you are older you will understand such things better."

A little breeze springing up had made the air cooler, and the children ran out on the lawn to play.

At first they played the game you see in the picture at the head of this lesson.

It is a game which all boys and girls have played some time in their lives.

We will call it "Ring-Around-A-Rosy."

They played "Barberry-Bush" and many other games. They also sang songs. This is one of them:

"In the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,
The fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

"From the pale bluebell
In the forest dell,
From the water-lily's cup;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

“ And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
They dance with might and main ;
But at morning’s light
They flee from sight,
And hide in the flowers again.”

LESSON XXX.

MAMMA’S FAIRY STORY.—II.

“ So you wish to see some pretty eggs,” said the fairy. “ I can show you some prettier than the woodpecker’s.

“ I have hundreds stowed away in a woodpecker’s hole, up in this very tree. I came here this morning to stow away some more.

“ This is what made me pretend to be a woodpecker, just now.”

“ Where did you get so many eggs? Do you rob birds’ nests?”

“ Oh, no indeed! They are not birds’ eggs. They come down in the rain, and we use the large flower-cups to catch them in.”

“And what will hatch from them?”

“Ah! that is more than I can tell, as yet. I will give you some of them. They will hatch just such kind of creatures as you tell them to.”

“That’s a likely story! But give me some, do. I will tell them to hatch some beautiful birds and butterflies.”

“Stay; but let me explain a little, before you count your unhatched birds and butterflies.

“I will tell you how to hatch them. Put them in your bosom, near your heart. They will be hatched by its warmth.

“But what is hatched from them must depend upon what you think and what you do.

“If you have vain or wicked thoughts, an ugly creature will begin to grow in one of the eggs.

“If you allow such thoughts to lead you to do anything wrong, then the egg will hatch.

“But if you always have good thoughts, a very beautiful creature will begin to grow in one of the eggs.

“And if you allow these thoughts to lead you always to do what is right, then the egg will hatch.

“You will then be happy and beautiful.

“Are you now willing to take the eggs, knowing what will happen?”

“Yes, indeed! and I will always think good thoughts and do what I know to be right,” said the girl.

LESSON XXXI.



THE SHOWER.

The children were so busy in their play they did not notice a black cloud that was coming up in the west.

But mamma had seen it while watching from an open window.

So she came to the door and said to Helen, "Come and see a pretty bonnet I have made for your best doll."

Soon there was a flash of lightning, and thunder sounded in the distance.

The wind began to blow. The branches of the trees bent down and were tossed to and fro.

The wind swept along the road, carrying clouds of dust with it.

Soon it grew quite dark. The black cloud had spread all over the sky.

The lightning flashed brighter and brighter, and the thunder sounded nearer and nearer.

The birds had hidden themselves, for they were frightened.

The wind blew off the children's hats and tossed their hair about. Ruth caught her hat just in time to save it.

Thus they were stopped in the midst of their games. They picked up their things in a hurry, ready to run to the house.

"It is raining," said Grace. "I felt a drop on my face."

"I must run home," said Ruth.

So she bade her friends "Good-by," and ran home as fast as she could go.

The others scampered into the house, laughing at the wind as it blew in their faces.

They reached the house just as the big drops began to come thick and fast.



LESSON XXXII.

THE FAIRY SHIPS.—I.

The rain poured in torrents. The paths became little brooks.

But soon it rained more gently. While waiting for it to stop, mamma told this story :

There was once a land that was green and beautiful.

Lovely flowers grew there, and the air was filled with their sweet smell.

Corn and wheat grew up tall and strong, so that the people had plenty to eat.

The reason everything was so beautiful there was that kind fairies sent ships full of good things to this land.

Beyond this beautiful country was another land which was not so beautiful.

The ground was hard and dry. No flowers grew there,—no corn nor wheat.

The people in this sad country were very thin and pale, because they could not get enough to eat.

Even the cows and sheep were bony and half starved. This country was called "Hungry Land."

The fairy ships would have taken good things to this country, if it had not been for a race of giants who lived on the border of it.

When the ships stopped at the beautiful land, as their fairy Queen had bidden them, the giants made the sailors unload all the good things they had.

So there was nothing left for the other country. The ships sailed along over it, but they were empty.

The people saw the pretty ships sailing high in the air, but the ships did not bring them anything.

The fairy sailors were very sorry for the people who were so hungry. When they went back to the great sea, they told the Fairy Queen about them.

They told her how the cruel giants had made them unload their ships before they reached Hungry Land.

Then the Queen wrote a letter, and gave it to the captain of one of the ships.

She told him not to let the giants see it, but drop it in Hungry Land.

The ships sailed away. When they reached the beautiful land, the giants made the fairy sailors unload, as before.

But the captain did not let them see the letter which the Queen had written.

When the ships were unloaded, the giants let them go on.

They sailed high in the air, and when they were over Hungry Land, the captain dropped the Queen's letter.

LESSON XXXIII.



HELEN AND TOPSY.

While the other children were listening to mamma's story, Helen was having a good time all by herself.

She had taken Arthur's umbrella, and was

marching up and down the room. She held it over her head, pretending she was out in the rain.

Then she placed it on the floor and played that it was her house.

Once, while getting out of it, she turned it over. Then Topsy thought it would make a fine house for herself as well.

So she stepped into it and sat up very straight.

- This seemed very funny to Helen. It made her laugh and clap her hands.

Then she began to talk to Topsy. "You think that this is your house, Topsy, but it isn't. It is my house.

"You think you can go to sleep in it, but you can't. You must get out."

But pussy did not mind. Then Helen took hold of her and pulled her out.

Topsy did not like this, and went away and sat down on the hearth.

The other children wished to know more about the fairy ships, and asked mamma to explain.

She said that the fairy ships were the clouds, and that the giants were mountains.

The mountains reached up so high in the air that they stopped the rain and made it fall before reaching Hungry Land.

The land, having no rain, became parched and dry. Corn and wheat could not grow.

“What makes the clouds, auntie?” said Grace. “Where do they come from?”

“The clouds are made of water. The water goes up into the air from the sea, the rivers, and the land.”

“I have never seen it go up,” said Arthur.

“No, the drops are so small you cannot see them. But when a great many of them are joined together, they form clouds.

“The wind blows the clouds along. When the clouds become heavy with water, it falls to the ground. This is what makes it rain, as it is doing now.”

LESSON XXXIV.

THE FAIRY SHIPS.—II.

A little boy who lived in Hungry Land was taking care of some sheep.

He could find only a little dry grass for

them. He was so hungry he could almost have eaten the grass himself.

All at once he saw a paper flutter down through the air. He thought at first it was a bird, but when it lay quite still, he ran and picked it up.

There was a stone inside the letter, to make it heavy enough to fall. On the outside of the letter, the boy read, "To the King."

Then he knew that he must take the letter to the king of the country. So he left his sheep to take care of themselves, and went as fast as he could to the king.

When the king saw the letter, he was greatly surprised.

He opened it and read: "There is a great river near you. Send to the King of the River and ask him to help you."

"How strange," said the King of Hungry Land, "that I never thought of that before!"

He called for the wisest men of his country, and showed them the letter.

When they had talked about it, two of them went with it to the King of the River.

As soon as he had read it, he said, "This

is from the Queen of the Fairies. She is a good friend of mine. I shall be glad to help you.

"I will send some of my boats full of good things for your people. But you must dig roads for the boats to come by.

"My boats do not sail through the air like those of the Fairy Queen."

The men promised to do so, and then went back to their own country.

When the people of Hungry Land heard that the King of the River had promised to help them, they were very glad.

They all went to work to dig the roads. Soon the roads were finished, and the boats came sailing into Hungry Land.

They were full of good things that made the grass and flowers grow. The corn and wheat began to grow too.

Then the cows and the sheep and the little lambs grew fat. The children were happy, and laughed and played among the flowers.

In a short time the name of Hungry Land was forgotten, and the people called it Plenty Land instead.

LESSON XXXV.



HELEN'S DOLL.

Suddenly, Grace remembered that she had left one of Helen's dolls on the lawn.

She had taken it from Helen's hand while they were dancing around her in a ring.

She slipped quietly out of the room, and looked out of the back door. It was still raining, but not very hard.

She took an umbrella and went out the back way. She ran along by the garden wall to the lawn.

The wind tried to blow the umbrella out of her hand, but she held it tightly.

The doll lay where she had left it, but it was soaked with the rain.

She caught it up quickly, and ran back into the house.

She carried it to auntie, and told her she was very sorry she had been so careless.

"Never mind," said auntie. "It is not Helen's best doll. I had that with me this afternoon while making its new bonnet."

"But isn't she wet, though!" exclaimed Arthur.

While sitting by the stove, Grace asked auntie what was meant by the King of the River, in the story of the "Fairy Ships."

She said that it meant that there was a large river on the border of Hungry Land.

By digging a canal, the water from the river could be brought into Hungry Land.

Then it could be spread over the land, and thus everything would grow.

The people of that country were surprised that they had not thought of a plan so simple.

LESSON XXXVI.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

High and low the spring winds blow.
They take the kites the boys have made,
And carry them high into the air ;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low
The winds do blow.

High and low the summer winds blow.
They dance and play with the garden flowers ;
They bend down the grass and ripe yellow
grain ;
They rock the bird in the hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window pane.

High and low
The winds do blow.

High and low the autumn winds blow.
They drive the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl all the dry leaves over the ground ;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter apples and nuts around.

High and low
The winds do blow.

High and low the winter winds blow.
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow ;
They sweep on the hills a pathway clear ;
They hurry children along to school,
And whistle songs for the glad new year.

High and low
The winds do blow.

LESSON XXXVII.



A LANGUAGE LESSON.

Tell this story in your own words. Arthur has hitched the rocking-horse to a box. He pretends it is a canal boat. He and Helen are going to market.

LESSON XXXVIII.



BEDTIME.

After supper, Maud, Arthur, and Helen amused themselves with a box of playthings.

Arthur's rocking-horse had returned from market, and was standing in a corner of the room.

Grace was with auntie in the sitting-room. Auntie was telling her a story of a four-leaved clover.

When it was time for the children to go to bed, mamma came to the nursery to get Helen.

"You must put your playthings away now, Arthur," said his mamma. "It is bedtime."

While mamma is undressing Helen, Maud

is putting the playthings carefully into the box again.

These children have been taught to know and love God, who made them ;

To know that He made all things,—the sunshine and the darkness, the flowers, the trees, the birds, and every living thing ;

That He gives them food to eat, clothes to wear, and pleasures of every kind ;

And that He sees them at all times,—when they are good, and when they are bad.

They are not always good, but they know that if they feel sorry when they have done wrong, God will forgive them.

They know, too, that God loves them. When they are good and do what is right, they *feel* His love.

How important it is that we should learn to know God while we are children !

LESSON XXXIX.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

Once, in a country far from here, there lived two sisters, named Hilda and Irene.

They were poor, and had to work very hard.

One day, while they were spreading the clothes they had washed, on the grass, Hilda caught a golden butterfly.

She said that, as it was so pretty, she would put it under a glass and keep it.

"Let it go," said Irene. "It will die if you shut it up."

Before Hilda could answer, the butterfly frightened both girls by speaking to them.

"I am a fairy," it said, "and, if you will let me go, I will tell you something you would like to know.

"Put me up on the cherry-tree bough, over your head."

Hilda did so, and the fairy said,—

"There is a four-leaved clover growing in your garden. The one who finds it will always be lucky and happy."

Then it flew away so quickly, they could not see where it went.

Hilda spread no more clothes, but began at once to look for the clover.

"I mean to find it," she said.

Irene said nothing, but finished spreading the clothes, alone.

Hilda hunted for the clover all the afternoon. But Irene was so busy that she could not find a moment to hunt for it, until it was too dark to see.

The next day, and the next, it was the same. Irene toiled from morning till night, and Hilda left her tasks undone to search for the clover.

But, for all her pains, she could find only three-leaved ones.

She became angry, and said that the butterfly had told a lie, and she wished she had killed it.

"Oh, no," said Irene, "you could not have been so cruel. And I am sure you will find the clover before long."

"I hope she may find it," she said to herself. "She wants it very much, and it does not matter very much to me."

She did all Hilda's work, so that she might not be scolded for being idle.

The third night, as Irene was coming through the garden carrying a heavy milk-pail, she happened to look down.

She could scarcely believe her eyes. There in the grass at her feet was a very large four-leaved clover.

She set down the pail, and ran to tell her sister. Hilda ran as fast as she could to get it for herself.

“Where is it?” she cried.

“Don’t you see? Right here by the milk-pail.”

“You are making fun of me,” said the other, pushing Irene rudely away. “There is no clover there.”

“You cannot see it,” said a voice high above their heads. It was the voice of the golden butterfly.

“You cannot find it,” said the voice again. “No one ever finds happiness who is selfish and cruel.”

“Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.”

LESSON XL.



GOOD-NIGHT.

When Maud had finished putting the things into the box, she placed it where it belonged.

Grace came in, and both retired to their chamber.

The nurse took Arthur to the room where he and Helen slept.

Then she carried Helen into the room where Grace and Maud were already in bed.

Mamma took her in her own arms, and held her so that she could kiss her cousins and bid them good-night.

Then mamma went to Arthur's bedside, and heard both Arthur and Helen say their prayers.

EVENING PRAYER.

Ere I sleep, O Lord of all,
On Thy holy name I call ;
Bless me ere I go to rest,
Thou whose love is dearest, best.

None can ever love like Thee ;
Saviour, let me thankful be
For Thy goodness ever new,
Falling like the gracious dew.

All good gifts around me shed,
Father, mother, home and bed,
Clothes and food, and toys so fair,—
All are tokens of Thy care.

MORNING PRAYER.

Jesus, Lord, I come to Thee,
Trustfully and lovingly ;
Bless me ere I go this day
To my lessons or my play.

Let me never go alone,
Take me, keep me as Thine own;
Take my hand, and still abide
Every moment at my side.

Saviour, whatsoe'er I do,
Keep me gentle, loving, true;
Make me like a little light
Shining in my Master's sight.

“ One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Hath power to make a thrill of joy,
E'en in a heart that's broken.

“ Then let us watch these *little* things,
And so respect each other,
That not a word, a look, or tone,
Shall wound a friend or brother.”

REVIEW AND VOCABULARY.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—The following review exercises afford convenient tests in reading, and appropriate models for spelling. The arrangement is such that they may be used in connection with the daily reading, and they are sufficiently distinct to be used independently. The Roman numerals refer to corresponding lessons of the text in Part I.

Require the pupils to read through each paragraph in silence, observing carefully all the words—read it aloud, and then spell the words in **heavy type** orally. The sentences may also be dictated for lessons in written spelling, or language. They are introduced in this special form as suggestions for the treatment of subsequent reading lessons.

The illustrations may be used as subjects for simple talks in oral language. As most of the pictures are in harmony with those used in the preceding stories of this book, it will not be difficult to elicit intelligent expressions. For suggestions as to this use of the illustrations, see Y and Z of this review. Other methods will readily suggest themselves.



I. Arthur lives in the city in winter, but moves to the farm in summer.

He is a **wide-awake** boy, and is **older** than his **sister Helen**.

Both **enjoy** picking **buttercups** and **daisies** which grow in the **fields** and **meadows**.

Arthur often **begged** his **mamma** to **allow** him to go **barefoot**.

At last she **allowed** him to do so, but she was **afraid** he would hurt his **feet** on the **sharp** stones.

After **taking off** his **shoes** and **stockings** and **running** about, he **threw** himself on a **rock**, because he was **tired**.

II. While sitting there, **thinking**, he **heard** Helen calling his name, and **asked** what she **wanted**.

“Cousin Grace and Cousin Maud have come to visit us. Won’t we have a nice time together?” replied Helen.

They laughed and chatted until they forgot how late it was getting to be.

Besides being polite, Arthur was kind-hearted.



III. Fine-looking horses were standing in the stalls.

A calf was lying on some straw, tied with a rope.

They climbed the moss-covered rock behind the barn.

“See the yellow butterfly!” said Maud.
“What pretty velvet spots it has on its wings!”

It seemed to like the sunshine, as it flew

about in the grove. They wanted to catch it, but couldn't.

I am sure we have played long enough.

IV. Helen called to them to come back. Grace turned and said, "What is the matter, dear little Helen?"

Come quickly; don't make a noise; here's the butterfly again. What pretty colors it has!

We jumped down, and ran to catch it, but whenever we came near, it spread its wings and flew away.

Good-by! I wouldn't hurt a living thing for all the world.

"I didn't mean to be naughty," said Helen.



V. The thirsty children drank from the spring where the ice-cold water bubbled from the ground.

"I have **nothing** to drink from," said Arthur. "But see me put my **mouth** down where it **bubbles.**"

Grace and Maud thought this a **strange** way of **drinking**, but were **much** **pleased** to try it.

Then they **walked** **along** a **narrow** **path** **until** they **reached** a **brook**, with **mossy** **banks**.

They **picked** some **daisies**, **pulled** **off** their **heads**, **threw** them into the **brook**, and **watched** them as they **floated** **swiftly** on the **surface**.

Do you **wonder** that they **enjoyed** the **country**?



VI. They **lifted** Helen over the **wall**, **climbed** over **themselves**, and went to a **place** where **wild** **strawberries** **grew**.

"I **haven't** **anything** but my **mouth** to put them in," said Helen, with **cheeks** like **red** **roses**.

"**Let's** **carry** the **largest** and **reddest** home to **mamma**," said Arthur.

VII. After they had eaten the cakes with which Grace's pocket was filled, Grace told a fairy story.

Guess what auntie gave me this afternoon. Let the oldest guess first. Be quick!

Maud had forgotten her handkerchief. She had left it with a bunch of moss on the rock.



VIII. The shoemaker was surprised to find he had only enough leather to make one pair of shoes.

He worked very hard indeed, but never had any ready money.

He always said his prayers morning and evening.

The fairies finished the shoes, and he sold them for a good price.

At Christmas, he sat up until midnight, keeping a light burning, that he might see the fairies.

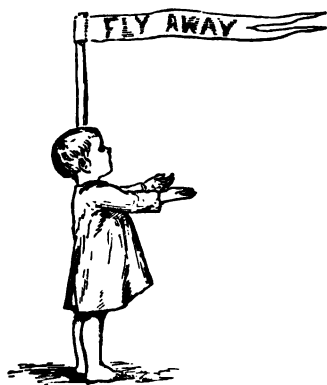
The beautiful beings danced about the shop, then out of the door, and never came again.

Then the shoemaker wished he had not tried to see them.

IX. I shouldn't care for any shoes; if the fairies helped me, I'd rather they would make a play-house.

All started to run; Grace touched the rock first.

Don't look! we'll hide in the grove just across the road.



X. "Whoop!" they cried. Maud looked everywhere, but did not find them so quickly as she expected.

In a moment their heads **peered** above a rock.
The fairy touched her with her **wand** and
said, "**Surely** this is the **shortest** way."

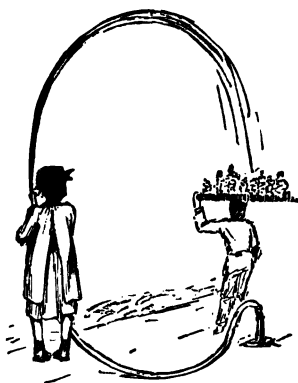
Please sing the following song.

XI. The queen dropped fern-seed into
her slipper.

She heard the **tiniest** voice, under the oak-
tree.

She rubbed her eyes, and saw what she had
longed to see.

Tiny fairies, dressed in **green**, were **swinging**
on the blades of grass, and painting the flowers
with **brighter** colors.



A little farther on, others **smiled** upon her.
Said the queen, "**People** who **work** need
never be **unhappy**. I was glad to see you
helping your mother."

XII. Grace and Maud **were** not quite so tired and **hungry** as Arthur and Helen seemed to be.

They held the **arm-chair** nearly to the ground, so that Helen **might** easily get in. Oh, how she **enjoyed** the ride!

XIII. A girl named **Ruth**, who lived in the next house, was **invited** to **supper**.

She soon **became** acquainted with them.

Arthur threw himself on the **lounge**, and laid his head in his **mother's** lap for a few **minutes**.

Then he went **quietly** to the **sitting-room**, and **showed** the girls his **picture-books**.

He **amused** them by **telling** the story of "The **Selfish Sparrows**."



"We brought you some of the **biggest berries** we saw," said the **children**.

XIV. A farmer put a bird-house in his garden.

Some swallows, whose house had been washed away when it rained, needed shelter.

The sparrows said they were cooking, washing dishes, sweeping, and making the bed.

With one excuse and another, they refused to help, keeping them out in the rain.

The naughty sparrows waited until they were snug in bed, then said, "It is too much trouble."

"Come again," they answered as often as the swallows returned. They wanted everything for themselves.



XV. Arthur arose early, and found that his father was going to the hay-field in a wagon.

Perhaps you can ride on the load, to-morrow.

The three girls have gone to the orchard.

"Let's play jump-rope!" exclaimed Maud.
Two swung the rope, while the other was jumping.

Mamma will be **pleased** to **meet** you.

Playing with dolls did not **suit** them long.

XVI. **"Listen!"** said the bobolink, **"I never stole your eggs; I'd never do such a trick."**

"Nor I, dear yellow-breast," said the cuckoo from the plum-tree. **"I wouldn't treat you so meanly."**

"Cluck! neither would I, nor my brood," said the hen. **"We gave you some feathers to line the nest, but we would scorn to intrude."**



XVII. The girls **whom** we saw in the orchard have **dressed Muff, Topsy, and Rose** in **jackets and aprons**.

What a strange **idea!** to put **clothes** on cats and **pretend** that they are **really babies**.

Sit up **straight** while I am **carrying** you, Muff.

XIX. Here's a **short story** about a **three-pawed kitten**.

She lost one paw by **knowing** how to **open** doors.

Once she got her ears **boxed** for **lapping** cream.

Since then, she has been **unable** to **hear** well.

She got one **whipping** because she **meddled** with the **curtains**.

By **opening** a door to look at a **mouse-hole**, her leg was **caught** by a **cruel crab**.



She went up to it, **curious** to know **what** it was.

Her leg was **broken**, and had to be **taken** off.

But oh, how she screamed with pain and fright!

She looked funny afterwards, limping on three legs.

XX. "What's the use of dressing us in this odd fashion?" is what they would have said, could they have spoken.

They were getting restless, and behaved badly.



Let us have some fun with auntie, by pretending that we are three beggar women.

"Indeed, ma'am, we've already tried to earn some money."

"Poor pussies!" said auntie, who was seated on the piazza. "They ought to be fed, surely."

"Haven't I seen you before, somewhere?"

"Somehow, you appear like little tramps."

XXI. "Oh, the unhappiness of a cat without a home!"

Mewing these words, I was moving out of sight.

The maiden put a saucer of milk on the kitchen hearth, but I dared not think it was mine.

But it *was* meant for me, and no tongue can tell the sweetness of that milk.

I rolled over on the door-mat to get the coal-dust off; then I examined the room.

The cook shook the broom at me, and said, "Scat!"



Ellen said I should stay, for I was clean.

I purred to show how much I loved her, and how happy I was to have a home.

XXII. Fred returned, bringing a tray, a tumbler of milk, and some little saucers.

He was scarcely five years old when his mother died, and he came **North** to live.

He was born in the **South**, where the oranges grow.

Arthur's mamma, long before she was married, had a negro woman for her nurse. She was Fred's mother.

Fred was cared for until he grew to be a man.



XXIII. Aunt Maria was timid, and locked the doors.

About midnight, she heard something bumping on the stairs, and was much frightened.

As she listened, she became braver, lighted a lamp, and opened the door just a crack.

She saw the strangest thing—half cat and half pitcher—which gave a forlorn mew.

Pussy had slipped her head into the cream

pitcher in the pantry, and had just reached her mistress's door, to have it **taken** off.

Aunt Maria **pulled**, and pussy pulled, **sticking** her sharp **claws** into the **carpet**.

Afterwards, she would **touch nothing** that did not **belong** to her.

XXIV. Grace very **politely** thanked her for her **kindness**.

Then they became the same **playful** girls as before.

They had **undressed** the cats, and were letting them go, as Arthur came to the orchard.



XXVI. The **moon's** **uncle** and **aunt**—the **thunder** and **lightning**—made a great **feast**.

Her mother, a **distant** **star**, **stayed** at home.

The moon had a **beautiful** long **silver** **horn**.

The moon saved a **share** of each dainty dish for her mother.

Neither the sun nor the wind remembered **their** mother.

Hereafter the sun shall parch the earth. Men shall **cover** their heads, and shall **hate** it.

The moon shall be **blessed**, and shall give a cool light even in **hot weather**.



XXVII. When the dinner hour arrived, the children were in the **bath-room**, getting ready for dinner.

They did not have "**company manners**," but were **graceful everywhere** and at all times.

Nurse is **seated beside** Helen, cutting her meat.

Papa **hurried back**, because he **expected a shower**.

We are **apt to find pleasure in well-doing**.

XXVIII. As the girl stooped to gather some flowers, she heard a woodpecker tapping a dead bough, overhead.

"I am not building a house," said the woodpecker, still clinging to the bough. "I am looking for insects."

You'd make a meal of me if I were killed and cooked.



But we'll forgive each other on this point. Aren't you twenty times longer and forty times heavier than such a creature as I am?

Ha! I will tell you a secret. I was pretending to be a woodpecker, but I am a fairy.

We are very fond of changing our forms, just for our own innocent amusement.

Between ourselves, six eggs lie upon the floor of my house in the trunk of that tree.

XXIX. Isn't she lucky to find a four-leaved clover?

You will understand this when you are older.

A breeze springing up, the air became cooler.

They played games in the afternoon on the lawn, such as "Ring-around-a-rosy" and "Barberry-bush."

Bluebells grew in the valley and in the forest dell.

The fays danced all night with might and main.



All day they enjoyed calm repose in the water-lily's fragrant blossom.

They finished their sports beside a gentle stream.

XXX. Ah! let me explain before you count your unhatched birds.

Hundreds are stowed away in the flower-cups.

If you put one in your **bosom**, and have good thoughts, its **warmth** will hatch a beautiful creature.

If you have **wicked** thoughts, which lead you to do **wrong**, then an **ugly** creature will hatch.

Are you **willing** to take one, **knowing** that what happens depends upon what you think and do?

XXXI. They were too **busy** to notice a cloud in the **west**, but mamma was **watching** it while **making** a doll's **bonnet** by the open window.

Lightning **flashed** and **thunder** **sounded** in the **distance**.



The wind **swept** a cloud of dust, and **tossed** the **branches** of the trees **to and fro**.

The **storm** came **nearer**; drops fell **thick** and **fast**.

The children **stopped** in the **midst** of their

games, and scampered into the house very quickly.

Ruth bade her friends good-by, and ran home.

XXXII. The rain poured in torrents, but soon fell more gently.

Mamma told the story of the "Fairy Ships," which sailed through the air, filled with rich presents.

A race of giants always stopped them, and made them unload the presents before reaching Hungry Land.



The queen of the sea, who sent the ships, felt sorry for the people over the border, who were pale, thin, bony, and even half starved.

No corn nor wheat could grow in their country.

The queen wrote their king a letter, telling the captain and sailors to drop it in Hungry Land.



But oh, how he squeezed her pain and
bright!

She looked ~~him~~ ~~downwards~~ ~~looking~~ ~~at~~
three legs.

XV - What was the use of dressing with this
odd fashion? For the day would have said
could they not speak

They were young restless and behaved
badly.



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men.
ady tried to

who was seated
to be fed, surely."
e, somewhere?"
like little tramps."

XXXVII. Arthur hitched his rocking-horse to a box, and pretended he was going to market.

XXXVIII. Mamma is in the nursery, undressing Helen.

These good children have been taught to know and to love God.

God sends the sunshine and the darkness.

How important it is that we should know God while we are yet little children !



XXXIX. Hilda caught a golden butterfly, and put it under a glass, but Irene let it go.

Hilda hunted for the four-leaved clover, while Irene toiled, leaving nothing undone.

Hilda was idle and scolded, while Irene pleasantly went about her tasks.

While coming through the garden with a

heavy pail of milk, Irene happened to find the clover.

Hilda, who had taken great pains to find it, became angry, pushing Irene very rudely.

"I do not believe I shall ever search again," said Irene, sadly.



XL. After putting the playthings where they belonged, Grace and Maud retired to their chamber.

Mamma brought Helen to the bedside to say "Good-night."

Ere I sleep, O Lord, on Thy holy name I call.

Saviour, make me thankful for the tokens of Thy love.

Jesus, I come to Thee, trustfully and lovingly.

Thy goodness falls like gracious dew.

Whatsoe'er I do, make me true, loving, and gentle, shining in my Master's sight.

Wilt Thou keep me as Thine own, and abide
with me each moment?



Is not this a picture of one of the little girls we
have read about?

What is her name, and where is she sitting?

Is not the tree one we have seen before in the
orchard?

Where do you think this girl's playmates are?

How is she kept from falling to the ground?

Do you think you could climb a tree like this?

Tell a story which the picture suggests.

What letter of the alphabet does the picture form?

Write all the words you can think of beginning
with Y.

Where do you think this gate is?

Does it look as if it were near the house, or near the barn? Why?

Whose head is peering through the gate?



Do you think she is playing hide-and-seek?

What is on the ground near the gate, and what is in it?

What would happen if the gate were pushed open quickly?

What letter of the alphabet do you see on the gate?

Do you know any words beginning

Are there any in the

Tell the story which

NOTE.—In oral spelling
mention capitals and
ample: in spelling **J**o
s, John's;" or, in spe
Pronounce the word
after each syllable,

 WORDS THAT REQUIRE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

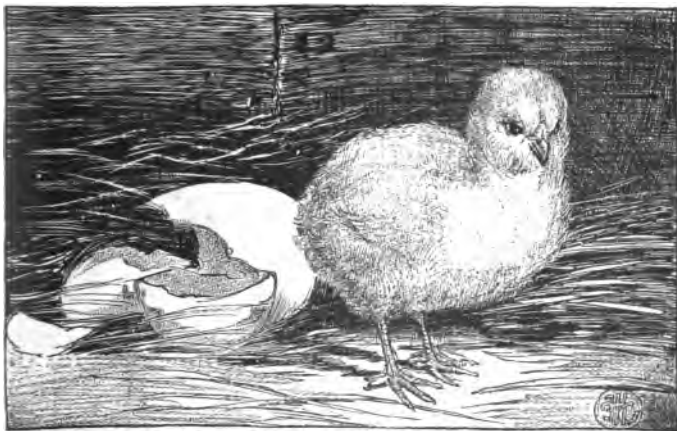
very	use	feel	busy
every	said	felt	pair
ever	who	cent	pear
many	whom	sent	field
till	what	just	noise
until	whose	lose	voice
does	which	loose	fence
done	this	much	earth
sew	they	else	early
all	that	any	friend
was	those	half	always
	their	tried	again
		'red	answer
		'm	ready
			quite
			quick
			straight
			because
			naughty



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 1.

PART II.

LESSON I.



CHICKENS.

Have you seen my little chicken ?
Don't you think it very cunning ?
See how soft and clean its feathers are !
What bright eyes it has, and how sharply
they look at me !

Its little wings fit so closely to its body
you can hardly see them.

Here is the little house it lived in before

it saw the world. It is of no more use now. The chick will never live in it again.

Every little chicken grows in an egg. The egg must be kept warm for just three weeks. If it gets cold, the chicken dies.

The good mother hen knows all about this. She sits on the eggs, and leaves them only for a few minutes at a time.

When the chick is ready to leave its little house, it pecks a hole in the roof. It makes the hole larger and larger until it gets out.

In a little while it finds it can use its tiny legs. You may sometimes see it on the outside of the nest, near its mother's head.

I like to see it peck at its mother's face. It seems as if it tried to kiss her.

The mother hen takes good care of her chickens. She is very cross to any one who tries to touch them.

She is busy all the time, looking and scratching for something for them to eat.

When she finds anything good she says, "Cluck, cluck, cluck." Then how quickly the little ones run to see what it is!

This little chick is very tame. I can take it up in my hands.

LESSON II.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little Ralph came skipping out of the garden in great joy, and cried, "What a beautiful little bird I have caught!

"It was sitting upon a flower, and its wings shone like real silver, and even brighter.

"Then I crept softly up to it and caught it. Now I will watch it very carefully, and will not let it get away.

"I will give it bread and milk to eat." So said little Ralph.

Then his father said, "Well, Ralph, let us see what you have caught."

Upon this the little boy put his hand into his bosom, and drew out a beautiful butterfly.

Behold! the little bird had lost its brightness. The shining dust clung to the boy's fingers, and the soft wings were torn.

Then little Ralph sighed bitterly, and said, "Oh, how badly the little creature is crushed! It does not look now like the

little bird that was sitting upon the lily.
Fie, they break so easily!"

So said the boy, and he threw the butterfly angrily upon the ground.

But his father said to him, "With whom are you angry? Is it the butterfly's fault that it is so delicately formed?"

"You have seized it with rough hands, and its brightness has faded."

"God cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth;
He gives them home and food and clothes,
And more than these God giveth.

He gives them all their loving friends,
He gives each child his mother;
He gives them all the happiness
Of loving one another.

He makes the earth all beautiful,
He makes thine eyes to see,
And touch and hearing, taste and smell,
He gives them all to thee."

LESSON III.

OUR ROBINS.

Mr. Robin and his mate were in a great flutter.

He hopped first on one foot, then on the other, and she hopped after him.

He danced and sang, and she answered with a soft twitter.

"Where shall we build it?" he asked. "What do you think of this bush?"

"I couldn't have my nest in a bush," she replied. "My mother always built in a tree."

"So did mine," said he, "but what shall we do if we cannot find a tree?"

[We had a summer cottage on the beach, and there was but one little tree near.]

"Why didn't we stay in the country, where trees grow?" asked Mrs. Robin. And she cocked her head on one side, and looked at him with inquiring eyes.

"Because," said he, "I wanted to try the sea-shore. But I am so tired now, I cannot fly any further. I shall build the nest here."

"Isn't that a house?" she asked. "I couldn't sit still in a nest near a house."

She flew around it two or three times. No one lived there. She couldn't see any doors or windows.

There were no people there,—no children running about.

"It's a very little tree. I shall fall out," said she.

"It's a very good tree," said he.

So they went to work. They used sticks and strings and hay. They found a few feathers for the inside, which some hens had shed.

Four blue eggs in the nest. Robin and his mate were so proud of them.


He sat on the tip of the bough, and sang his sweetest songs. She sat on the eggs and kept them warm night and day.

A blue sky above them, daisies in the soft green grass, summer winds to rock their cradle, and always the song of the sea.

Three young robins in the nest. One blue egg under the tree.

Gay papa has all he can do to feed his brood. If he tries to get a little rest, they are sure to cry "More! more!"

One day, as he was coming home with a



big worm, he dropped it in surprise. He picked it up again and flew off to a bush, and stared at the house.

It was open. He could now see the doors and windows, and hear the voices of merry children.

But he wasn't going to stay out there alone in that bush,—not he.

So he flew a little nearer, and stopped again. He hopped along from stone to stone, keeping up a sharp watch.

All was quiet but the birdies. As usual, they were crying, "More! more!" Soon the fat worm made them quiet too.

Robin found that his nest was as safe as ever. Every night, on the tip of his bough, he sang to his mate.

In a little while Robin thought it was time for the birdies to fly. He tried to show them how, but they only cried for more worms.

He held one high above their heads. One little fellow hopped to the edge of the nest.

He found that he had wings, and so flew after the worm.

Mrs. Robin pushed the next one out of the nest. No one knew when the last one flew away.

But the children, coming from their play, found the nest empty.

LESSON IV.

WORK AND PLAY.

What is Dolly doing
All the long day?
Working and playing,—
Less work than play.

Swinging in the hammock
Under the trees,—
Brown hair much rumpled
And tossed by the breeze.

Doing hard examples,—
They *must* come right!
Thinking and thinking
With all her might.

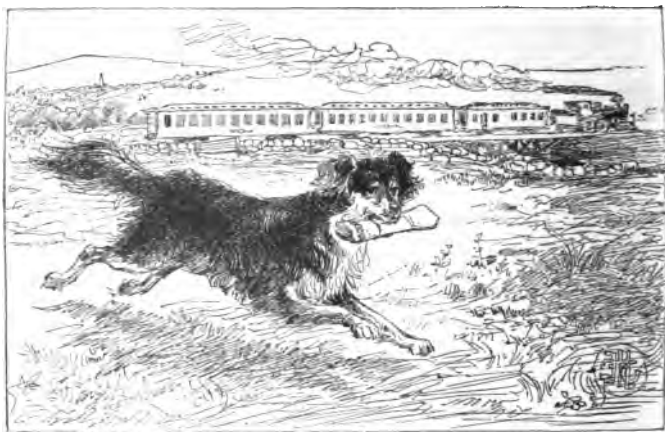
Going to a party,
Dressed very fine;
Dancing on tiptoe,—
How her eyes shine!

Sitting by her mother,
Learning to sew;
Putting small stitches
In a neat row.

Ever bright and busy,
At work or play;
Happy is Dolly
All the long day.

“If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again:
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,—
Try again.”

LESSON V.



PRINCE (A TRUE STORY).

Prince is the name of a beautiful shepherd dog. He lives on a farm in the country.

His master's house is near a railroad. It is more than a mile from the post-office.

The farmers like to read the daily papers as well as city people do. But it is not so easy to get them in the country as it is in the city.

Sometimes the papers are thrown from

the cars. The men on the train toss them out as it passes near the farmers' houses.

Then some one has to go for them before they are lost or stolen.

Prince has been taught to get his master's paper. This is not the only useful thing he does.

Every morning, at half-past eight, you may see him sitting on the front door-step. He is listening for the train.

He starts to run as soon as the cars come in sight, but he hears them long before.

It does not take him long to bound across the meadow to meet the train. He can run nearly as fast as the cars go.

The men on the cars all know Prince. They always have the paper ready to toss to him as he comes.

He never fails to be on hand. He sometimes catches the paper before it falls to the ground. Then he carries it home as quickly as he came for it.

He has done this every day, except Sundays, for several years. He seems to know when Sunday comes, for he does not watch for the train then.

He does not have to be told to go for the paper, but gets it of his own accord.

He is a very well bred dog. He shows good manners, and does not bark at strangers. But he watches them sharply, as if to find out why they have come.

He has a good name. Everybody speaks well of him, and has a kind word for him.

He has won his good name by doing the best he knows how. Should not boys and girls try to do the same?

LESSON VI.

CHIP AND SPOTTY.

One afternoon, Chip and Spotty, two little kittens, were out in the garden playing.

Suddenly, they saw a little brown thing whirling over and over in the path.

Chip arched his back, put up his tail, and stared with all his might. Spotty ran a little way into the grass, and then turned back to look.

It was nothing but a dried leaf, but those silly kittens thought it was alive.

"What do you suppose it is?" said Chip.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Spotty. "I never saw anything like it before. It doesn't seem to have any tail, or any whiskers."

"It must have feet, though," said Chip, "it runs so fast."

"It is standing still now," said Spotty. "Why don't you put your paw on it? Quick! before it runs away!"

Chip put his head down very low, and crept towards it softly. He was going to find out what it was before he put his paw on it.

He had come quite near to it, when it began to move again. A little gust of wind came, and up went the leaf into the air.

At that, Chip ran and hid himself behind Spotty.

"You little goose!" said Spotty. "If you hadn't been so slow, you might have caught him."

"Well," said Chip, "suppose you try, yourself. There he is now, sitting quite still in the path again."

"All right! You just watch me now. I'll soon have him."

Then Spotty put his head down, and crept along very softly, till he reached it. As there was no wind, the leaf lay quite still.

Spotty made a sudden spring upon it. Then it crumbled all to pieces.

Spotty jumped back. He looked first at the leaf, then at Chip. Chip crept up softly, and looked first at the leaf, then at Spotty.

"Who would be afraid of a leaf?" said Chip.

"Weren't you afraid of it, yourself?" said Spotty.

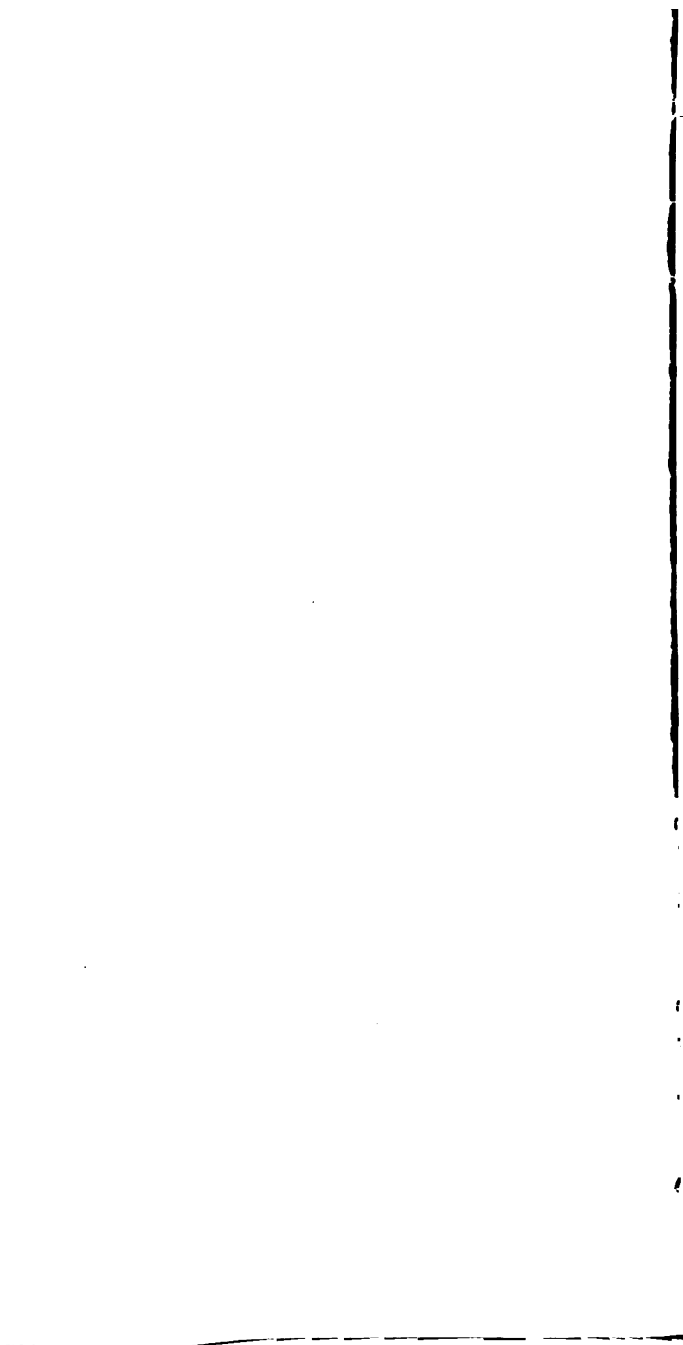
LESSON VII.

THE LILY.

The sweetest thing in my garden,
On bush, or vine, or tree,
Is the snow-white, shining lily
That God has sent to me.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—No. 2.



How wise He must be to make it!
How good to put it here,
For me to watch and to care for!
It is so sweet and dear.

There's nothing so fair and spotless
In all the world, I know :
It is fairer than the moonlight,
And whiter than the snow.

I love you, beautiful lily,
All made of sun and dew :
I wish that my heart could always
Be spotless and pure, like you.

“Little bird, little bird, who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay ;
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way.

“Ah, no, little maiden ; God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea !
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere.”

LESSON VIII.

THE DISCONTENTED THIMBLEBERRY.

Two little thimbleberries found themselves growing on a bush together, in a lane.

The bush had for a very near friend a grape-vine. These friends had twined their arms so closely around each other that the little thimbleberries were hidden.

In their leafy home they were just warm enough to grow, and just cool enough to be strong.

The thimbleberries were a pale green at first. But after a few days this color became darker.

Then it changed to red, and later, while they were still growing larger, it became black.

Now, one day, while the berries were turning black, the larger one began to feel uneasy. He was so large and strong, he wished he could get out into the brighter world.

He could see the brightness whenever

the wind shook the leaves. So he spoke to his brother, saying, "I am tired of doing nothing but grow. I am sure I should be bigger out in the sun."

The smaller berry answered, "I am glad I am growing. I mean to see how large I can grow here. I think we shall do best where God has placed us."

"I mean to try to get away," said the other. "If the wind should shake the leaves a little harder, I shall try to jump off. I am sure I should fall down into the light."

The next day the wind blew harder, and the discontented berry jumped. He fell into the short grass, and the bright sun shone on him.

But he could not move. He saw a hen coming towards him, and was afraid; but nothing happened to him.

He lay there in the hot sun, wondering if he was not growing smaller.

The next morning he felt sure he was. He was even more discontented, but could tell no one about it.

The smaller berry was lonely after his

brother had left him, but he clung to the bush and waited.

It was several days before anything happened to him. But one morning he felt himself separated from the bush.

He was dropped into a basket. His brother was not there. Everything was strange, but he could only wait.

By and by he was taken up by some little fingers, and a voice cried out, "Oh, mamma, did you ever see a berry so large and beautiful?"

A sweet voice answered, "No, dear, I never did. These berries are all very fine, but this one is the largest and best. I am sure such beautiful berries will help to make me well."

The other berry lay in the grass until it dried up. It had no pleasure in itself, and gave none to others.

"Good boys and girls should never say,
'I will,' and 'Give me these.'
Oh, no; that never is the way,
But, 'Mother, if you please.'"

LESSON IX.



PIXIE.—I.

Our dog Pixie knows a great deal, but he used to be full of mischief.

If he could speak and tell you about the first day he came to live with us, I think this is what he would say:

When I was a puppy I was always getting into mischief.

I behaved so badly in the first place where I went to live that my mistress gave me away.

She gave me to her nephew, Willie, who

lived in the country. He came and took me home with him in the cars.

I had seen trains before, but I had never been in one. It was dreadfully noisy, and I was frightened.

Willie lived in a small house. There were a great many other boys and girls in the same house.

I had not expected this sort of thing. Just think how I felt when they came dashing out of the house to see me!

I heard them say, "Is he come?" "Have you brought him?" "Is he fat?" "Oh, let me see him!" "Let me hold him!"

I thought such a lot of boys and girls must live in a big house. But I have since learned that the more boys and girls there are, the less room there generally is for them.

I had not been in my new place long before I got into mischief again.

After the children had all seen and handled me, Willie took me out into the garden.

He put me in a little place scarcely big enough to turn around in. Then he took a string out of his pocket, and tied one end

to my collar and the other to the handle of a door.

I tried to gnaw the string in two, but it was too thick. I gave it up, and sat down by the door, and listened.

I heard something. Guess what it was. You cannot; so I will tell you.

First of all, then, I heard a soft little "Cluck! cluck!" and then a little "Quack! quack!"

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "there are some chickens and ducks here. Don't I wish I could get at them, and play with them!"

LESSON X.

PIXIE.—II.

Just as I wished that, I looked down at my feet, and saw a little door in the big door.

As I was watching the door, it opened. "Chirp! chirp!" said a wee voice. And then a tiny chicken looked up at me.

It shut its eyes in great fright, and hopped back again. So I sat as still as I could, with my head turned to one side, watching the door.

Soon another chicken popped its head through. I really couldn't help it, but I gave that chicken a pat with my paw.

I meant it to be a very soft pat, but the chicken was only a tender baby. It fell backwards, crying with pain and fright.

Oh, the clucking and quacking I heard after that!

An old hen put her head through the door, and made a peck at my leg. But she could not reach it.

As for me, I hoped I had not hurt the chick. All I wanted was to say, "How do you do? Here I am, you see."

The clucking and quacking grew louder, and I began to bark.

Then one of the windows of the house was opened. A girl looked out to see what the noise was about.

She came out to the garden, and stooped to pick up something. What was that something?

It was the little chicken whose head I had patted. Its wings were spread out, and its eyes were shut.

Was it dead? Oh, was it dead?

The girl stroked it and kissed it, and held it against her face.

You can guess how I felt, having just come to my new home. I almost wished I had never been born.

I lay down, resting my head on my paws. Presently, the little chick gave a feeble chirp. It wasn't dead, after all.

It opened its eyes, and the girl set it down on the grass. For a minute, it lay quite still.

Then it got up, shook itself, and cuddled under its mother's wings.

"I will not tell of you this time," the girl said to me, "but you must never, never, never hurt one of my chicks again."

I have always loved that girl from that moment. There is nothing I would not do for her.

LESSON XI.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY.—I.

Joe Harding was a selfish, troublesome boy, but he did not mean to be.

He did not take any pains to please any one but himself. If he troubled others in pleasing himself and having his own way, he didn't care.

He took pleasure in teasing his little sister Belle. He was even cruel to Puff, the cat.

One afternoon, just the week before Christmas, Joe, Belle, Puff, and Puff's little kitten were in the room together.

When Joe took her kitten and put it on the high table, where it mewed pitifully, Puff was in great distress.

She mewed, and tried, in every way she could, to get her kitten down. But it couldn't take so big a leap as that.

"Oh, please take her down," said Belle. "She will fall, poor little thing. And Puff does feel so bad!"

But Joe only laughed. At last the kitten did fall, and struck its nose against the floor.



AN EXERCISE FOR LANGUAGE.—NO. 3.

sil ver y	frol ic	fright ened	pro tect ing
bloom ing	ri pen	for get ting	though
com pelled	cas tle		sol emn
	frisk y	xxxiv.	re vere
xxxI.	sleigh	vain	scent
curl y	hur rah	mite	beau ty
dear ly	top most	cov er	heav en's
crutch	gar ner	un til	re fresh ing
re plied	grace ful	sec ond	mer cy
chat ter		sprung	de light
treat ed	xxxiii.	wait ed	in fant's
grand pa	gnaw	spir its	safe ty
in vit ing	smelt	ni cest	clothed
hand some	pris on	cau tious	plu mage
com plained	taste	ar rived	sup plied
neg lect ed	rab bit	ex pect ed	cease
	dain ty	wher ev er	pro tect ed
xxxii.	squir rel	but ter nut	se cure
peak	or chard		guard
built	ex am ine	xxxv.	gra cious
reins	whirled	pray er	hear est
froz en	spry ness	deign	help less



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